CAMPBELL PRESS

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VOLUME 33, NUMBER 36 | CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA | TUESDAY, MAY 13, 1930

Current Comment

A series of accidents on the grade crossings in the vicinity of Palo Alto and Mayfield have in the past two weeks claimed six victims. On the crossing contributing the greatest number of casualties there is, according to reports, no signal other than the conventional cross-arms. However, the track on either side of the crossing may be viewed for a considerable distance by approaching motorists and it seems strange to the cautious driver that so many people manage to connect with a train at this point. As a mater of fact, there is nothing odd about it—and the recent mortality list bears us out in our long-standing opinion that no matter what conditions exist at grade crossings—barring separation, of course—people will be killed thereon. Drivers who are considered above reproach may get by for years, only to be massacred by a railroad train. Bus drivers who, as a rule, are excellent pilots, will glance up and down the railroad tracks and proceed across in the face of an oncoming locomotive without even having seen the train. Bus casualties of the past few months substantiate that assertion. Familiarity breeds contempt and nothing short of grade separation will accomplish a cure for the hazard now presented wherever a road crosses the railroad tracks, and it is gratifying to observe the activity of an anti-grade crossing organization at Palo Alto which is stirring public sentiment and eneadovirng to interest the railroad company in separating immediately some of the more vicious grade crossings.

Campbell is to be represented in the Fiesta de las Rosas parade Saturday not only by "Queen" Louise and the high school band, but by a float now being prepared by the high school. The "idea" of the float is a huge beehive of roses and what we want to get across right now is the fact that the builders of the float will need quite a bit of help Friday morning when the creation is to be decorated. Volunters should get in touch with Mr. Hughes or Mrs. Clark at the high school.

Elsewhere in this issue of the Press will be found an account of the Chamber of Commerce meeting which was held at the community hall last night. We won't go into details here—except to say that the speaker of the evening has plenty on the ball when it comes to the publicity game. He said, with what we are inclined to believe was of considerable truthfulness, that he could pick up the local paper in any town and make an accurate social and business survey from its pages. The front page, he said, would tell him the social side—and the advertisements would tell him whether or not the local merchants were on their teos. The front page of the Campbell Press is without reproach—but we are still wondering what the gentleman thought about the many advertisements so noticeable by their absence.

That little story opens the way for a few more words on the same subject. Right now, when business is quiet, is the time for merchants to do their heaviest advertising. It is easy to sell when there is lots of money around and purchasers are not watching their dollars as closely as they do at other times. It is something else again to sell merchandise when buyers are hoarding their money. Then it is necessary to create a demand by creating in the heart of the prospective purchaser the desire to secure some of the merchandise which you have to sell. And the only way to create that desire is to paint attractive pictures of your wares through the medium of the local newspaper.

If anyone harbors a doubt as to the veracity of the foregoing statement, allow us to call their attention to the efforts of the merchants in other towns to stimulate trade through advertising. Look in the advertising columns of the nearby daily papers or, for a small town example, peruse the Los Gatos weekly paper. If local merchants do not make a bid for the business, city stores will get the cream. They are getting a lot of it right now.

That's all.

HIGH SCHOOL WILL ENTER "BEEHIVE" FLOAT IN PARADE

Last week at the high school faculty luncheon considerable attention was given to the subject of the float which will be Campbell's entry in the Fiesta parade.

The slogan for this year is to be "Campbell, the Home of the Queen," the float being a huge beehive of roses, carrying out the idea.

The shop class, under the supervision of Mr. Hughes, is constructing the body and foundation, and the art class, under Mrs. Clark's direction, will take charge of decorating the float.

The hive is to be of roses, red at the base, toning to pure white at the top. The foundation, sides and top of the float are to be green, with the slogan lettered in white roses.

Local people are being asked to co-operate in furnishing flowers and greenery. Huckleberry or privet hedge branches form a durable background that does not scatter. Brake ferns will be used for a background for lettering on the sides. Roses in all shades of red, pink and of course white, will be acceptable.

The float must be ready to enter the parade by Friday at the latest, and donnors of flowers are asked to phone the high school as early as possible.

QUEEN LOUISE WAS HONOR GUEST AT KIWANIS LUNCHEON

Queen Louise Smith of the Fiesta de las Rosas was the honor guest at the Campbell Kiwanis luncheon today. Attorney Burnett, vice president of the Fiesta corporation, gave a very graphic picture of the results and future aims of this big annual tournament sponsored and supported by the county. Saturday afternoon is the time of the "big parade" at which Miss Louise Smith of Campbell, chosen to reign as queen of the festivities, will sit enthroned as the most beautiful of her kingdom, Santa Clara county.

A. A. Thielke, with his famous Campbell high band, escorted the queen to her banquet chair to the strains of regal music. T. A. Cutting read the following verse as a most fitting tribute to our queen:

QUEEN LOUISE

Queen of beauty is Queen Louise,
Queen of Blossoms and flowery seas.
In a kingdom of roses, dewey and bright,
She's queen of the Valley of Hearts' delight.
Her crown she'll wear with noble ease,
As she heads the pageant—Queen Louise,
And in the bevy of maidens fair,
Our queen will be the fairest there.

But the Queen's dominions know no bound
For roses bloom the world around,
So queen of the earth she is today—
And possibly heaven knows her sway!
The queen, Louise, by her painless darts,
Has become the queen of all our hearts.
In brilliant sheen, long live the Queen!
Long live Louise, Louise, our Queen!

Tuesday next Los Gatos club will attend in a body and put on the program of the hour.

Party for Mrs. B. O. Curry at Mountain Home of Daughter

Mrs. Robert Dodge entertained at their interesting mountain home near Laurel last Tuesday, the affair being a luncheon in honor of her mother, Mrs. B. O. Curry. The table, which was set for 12, was lovely in green and silver, with a centerpiece of mountain wild flowers and maiden hair fern.

The guests motored to and from the scene of the party.

Which Way? — By Albert T. Reid

SINGLES TENNINS TOURNEY PLAYED AT GATOS SAT'DAY

The G. P. A. L. singles tennis tournament for Santa Clara county was played at Los Gatos Saturday, May 10, with entries from Los Gatos, San Jose and Campbell competing for honors. The finals will be played May 17. Simultaneously the San Mateo county singles were played at Palo Alto. Both counties played double preliminaries in San Jose last week.

Entries in the Los Gatos tournament were in classes A, B, C and D. With few exceptions the opponents were well matched and formed a splendid contest. Punch was served by the Los Gatos High School Girls' league.

Score were as follows:

Round 1, court 1—Frank, C, lost to Mendelsohn, LG, 6-4, 4-6, 6-2. Court 2—Lydell, C, lost to Lemons, LG, 6-1, 6-0. Hurley, LG, lost to Wood, C, 6-5, 6-1.

Round 2, court 1—Deckman, SJ, won from Kennedy, LG, 6-1, 6-3. Court 2—Smith, C, won from Bishop, SJ, 6-5, 5-6, 6-5. Court 3—Best, C, lost to Ceccanti, LG, 6-5, 6-3.

Round 3, court 1—Carlton, C, lost to Duncan, LG, 5-6, 6-0, 6-1. Court 2—Blakesley, C, won from Kent, LG, 6-4, 6-2. Court 3—Willis, C, won from Holcombe, SJ, on default.

Round 4, court 1—Smith, SJ, lost to Schnerr, LG, 6-5, 6-2. Court 2—Blethen, LG, won from Carley, SJ, 6-5, 6-2. Court 3—Bonacich, LG, lost to Culp, SJ, 6-5, 6-3, 6-5.

Last Meeting of Season Slated for Monday by Country Woman's Club

The Campbell Country Woman's club will hold the last meeting of the season Monday, May 19. A special program has been arranged, and it is hoped that there will be a good attendance of members and their friends.

Mrs. S. M. Burke of Mountain View will speak on a subject interesting to us all, "The Conservation of Wild Life and Wild Flowers," and an orchestra of more than 40 first grade children will give a number of selections under the direction of Mrs. Emma Wilson of the grammar school.

The meeting will start promptly at 2:30 o'clock.

CAMPBELL'S BID FOR FIESTA FAME

Queen Louise, ruler of the Fifth Annual Santa Clara County Fiesta de las Rosas, who was chosen from a group of 12 candidates representing a dozen towns in Santa Clara county. Blond-haired and dark-eyed, Queen Louise, who is Miss Louise Smith of Campbell, promises to be one of the most striking ever to rule the fiesta. She and her court, comprised of the 11 other queen candidates, will be the quests of honor at "The Madonna of Monterey" play to be held in the State college quadrangle on the night of May 16 and 17. They will also officiate at the fiesta Fandango on the night of May 17 and will ride the title float in the grand floral parade beginning at 2 o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, May 17.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Beebe and Miss Grace Beebe, school teacher in King City, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Whitney.

Miss Mary Rodeck and Mrs. Ethel Davis are planning a trip to Eureka next Tuesday.

"Doc" Beall is reported to be recovering nicely from a recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Cookson and little daughter of San Luis Obispo are visiting at the home of Mr. Cookson's sister, Mrs. W. I. Merrill.

CHAMBER HEARS OF CONFECTION PROJECT MONDAY

About 20 members were present at the Chamber of Commerce meeting in the community hall Monday evening, more than usual because of an important issue was to be discussed. The establishment of a factory for California Confections, Ltd., and to use Campbell as the headquarters of the California Fruit Products institute is the aim of a group which appeared before the Chamber with their proposition. A. F. Marsh of San Francisco, L. C. Sims of San Jose and S. F. Harris of Palo Alto were present at the meeting to explain the desire to establish the plant in Campbell. They outlined the requirements of the factory and what they expected in the way of financial backing. A site of two acres would be sufficient for the present, and the plan of the institute is to advertise fruit products and to promote the consumption of fruit in general, and to advertise this community in particular. Mrs. Beatrice Smith, originator of the process for the manufacture of fruit confections, was also present.

A committee including S. N. Hedegard, C. H. Whitman and B. O. Curry was appointed to go into the detail of the proposition and report their findings. Mr. Curry was instrumental in bringing the site-seekers to Campbell.

Little other business of importance was transacted.

"TULIP TIME" BEST IN RECENT YEARS, SAY LOCAL CRITICS

"Tulip Time," the operetta presented by the Campbell high school Friday evening, was a marked success which danced and sung itself into tuneful history. From the opening curtain to the finale the stage was a shifting mass of youth and color. The stage setting was very beautiful and artistic, lending much color and atmosphere to the play. From the beginning the co-operation of the cast was remarkable and the smoothness with which the operetta progressed was complimented by those who were fortunate enough to witness the refreshing entertainment.

The songs of the first act were harmoniously and cleverly done and the "Valse Tulip" by the chorus seemed to be the most popular song. The duet by Mildred Cannon and Veva Nichols was charmingly sung. A duet in the second act, "I'm In Love With A Lovely Lady," sung by Ed Hubbard with an unusual obligato by Veva Nichols, was received with hearty applause, as was also "As Long As the Windmills Turn," by Elmer Sundquist and Mildred Cannon.

The Burgomaster, portrayed by Mark Pasquin, was exceptionally well done.

Antoinette Malvini performed a clever novelty tap dance, handling her clogs very efficiently. Mack Ross, Lawrence Templeton and Hazel Owsley supplied many wholesome laughs.

The entire cast and chorus is to be congratulated upon their distinct enunciation, as every word could clearly be heard in every part of the auditorium.

The production staff merits considerable credit for the success of the presentation. They are, A. A. Thielke, orchestra, Mrs. Walter, vocal director, Lorena Hubbard, dramatic coach, Miss Ruby Howes, choral director; costumes, Miss Lois Gardner, Mildred Smith, Phoebe Payne; business manager, Mark Pasquin; publicity, Mrs. Rae, Harriet Barnes; electricians, Eugene Moore and Frank Bowman; stage managers, Elmer Herschbach, Leland Nelson; scenery, Jessie M. Clark and her art students; property manager, Joe Mancuso.

PLAIDED CHIFFON NEW "WRINKLE"

TO BE sure, the myriads of flowery chiffons which are fluttering about in fashion's realm are lovely and women will be wanting more and more of 'em during the coming months. However, with all their charms it is a relief to have "something different" once in a while, n' est ce pas? And here it is in this picture—a frock of chiffon which is plaided instead of flowered.

Plaided effects for sheer materials are very new and smart. In fact, plaids, dots and stripes are quite outstanding in the fabric mode this season. There are, for instance, the new satin-striped silk shirtings which are the "last word" for tennis frocks and such.

The chiffon which fashions the winsome frocks pictured is plaided in two shades of blue on a white ground. This same patterning done in two grays with white is stunning. Not so very much has been said about gray this season, but those who are peering into the crystal globe where fashion destinies are revealed, see for gray a vogue which is only just now at its beginning. Even now, accessories in gray—shoes, hats, gloves and the like—are declaring their modishness among the elite. Likewise the best houses are showing the spring tailored suit; also the separate coat in fascinating grays—but that is another story.

As to the pretty dress here shown, it has been given an unusually attractive styling. The ruffled capelet with its quaint fichu tie, the peplum which repeats a circular-cut ruffling; also the circular skirt succeed in interpreting a delightfully picturesque and "feminine" silhouette. Rather a lovely style, we should say, one which ought to prove inspirational to the ambitious woman who does her own sewing, and who prides herself on having her clothes look out-of-the-ordinary.

What fun designers are having with peplums and capelets this season! One of the services the graceful capelet is supposed to render in connection with summery daytime frocks, likewise many of the more formal evening modes, is to atone for the absence of sleeves. It will be seen from this picture how gracefully this is being accomplished. Even when the new and quaint puff or cap sleeves are present, the capelet does not necessarily absent itself.

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A Banker as a Holdup Man

The Weekly Short Story —By OWEN ATKINSON

AT PRECISELY 8:26 a. m. John Pendleton Booth, plump, red-faced, pompous, successful, fifty, came down the steps of his New Rochelle home and climbed into the waiting limousine. "Right on the dot as usual," he told Will, his chauffeur.

Will let in the gears with a wry smile. He know only too well what Mr. Booth's daily schedule was. It hadn't varied for the ten years Will had been driving the big car. Lately the chauffeur had found himself hoping that Mr. Booth would be a minute late some time during the day.

"Be punctual and never forget anything," Booth announced to Will for perhaps the thousandth time. "If I hadn't followed those two principles I'd never be president of the New York Security Trust today."

There was no denying that Mr. Booth was president of that great trust company, so Will said nothing. Mr. Booth leaned comfortably back in the heavily upholstered seat and lit his first of the day's allotment of cigars, the first puff of which always left his lips as the car passed Meridian road.

Morning traffic at the crossing was unusually heavy today and Will was forced to slow down to a bare five miles an hour. Glancing about him with an air of contented benevolence, Mr. Booth's eyes alighted on the figure of a man balancing himself on the nearest curbing. Now it was not the banker's habit to offer rides to strangers, but today he was in a generous mood and, besides, the man on the curb appeared to be prosperous, well-dressed. Booth ordered Will to stop the car and, leaning out of the window, asked the waiting gentleman if he cared to ride into the city. He did, and climbed into the rear of Mr. Booth's limousine with alacrity, explaining that his own car had broken down and that he had an important appointment that morning and had been desperately trying to find a taxi to take him down to Wall street.

Mr. Booth chuckled and said Wall street happened to be his destination and that he understood the necessity of keeping an appointment. The stranger then introduced himself as one David Carrigan. Now David Carrigan happened to be president of the Mechanics Savings bank, an institution which Booth had every intention of merging with his own trust company. For months he had been trying to arrange the combination of the two financial organizations, but to date had never had the pleasure of meeting the president of the Mechanics crowd.

Mr. Booth was delighted at this chance opportunity to get acquainted but was too shrewd a man to take advantage of the situation and to attempt to talk business. Instead he chatted lightly on the latest subjects of Westchester county gossip, the alarming increase in hold-ups of motorists on the highways and by-roads. It was a subject dear to Mr. Booth's heart and he expressed himself strongly. "A man's a fool to take chances," he said. "A little caution is all that's necessary. Never stop for strangers, that's what I say. I've never had any trouble yet. I'm too clever for the crooks. They'll never get me."

As Mr. Booth's car rolled into Central park at One Hundred and Tenth street, he reached as usual for his watch in order to check Will and see if he was running on schedule. His hand fumbled at his vest pocket, then hung there paralyzed. His watch was gone!

Then in a flash the answer came to him. This man beside him was not David Carrigan. He was a holdup man! Now as Mr. Booth was in the habit of driving at night on political work in the county, he had secured a license to carry a revolver in his automobile. Mr. Booth acted swiftly. He snatched the blunt-nosed automatic from the pocket at his side, jammed the muzzle into the ribs of the man beside him and said in hard, determined voice: "Give me the watch!"

A startled look flashed over Carrigan's face. With trembling hands he plucked the watch and chain from his own vest pocket, handed the articles over to Mr. Booth and then dived head-first from the running car, all in one continuous terrified movement, and was gone.

On his return home that night, Mr. Booth proudly related the morning's incident to his wife, Martha. As she was accustomed to listening to his triumphs she showed no particular surprise. But when her husband reached the part about the watch she sat up, listened intently. And then to prove his story and to illustrate the point, he took the very timepiece itself from his pocket and dangled it in front of his wife. She seized it, turned it over and looked on the back. Then, strangely, she began to laugh.

"Look, John," she gurgled. "Look at the initials on the back of the watch—'D. C.' That was Mr. Carrigan you invited to ride with you this morning. I found your own watch after you left. For once in your life you forgot something! You've made a mistake! Oh, John! This makes you a human being again."

And to Mr. Booth's surprise, his wife threw her arms about his neck and kissed him full upon the lips—for the first time in ten years.

(Copyright.)

SHORT WRAP DISTINCTLY MODISH

STRANGE things are going on in the realm of the mode these days. Fashion's followers having seen what they have seen are now or should be prepared for anything in the way of startling innovations.

Here's what's next on the program of breathtaking style-thrills—most amusing, most "feminine" and quaint short wraps, the likes of which existed as we modernists had thought, only between the covers of the family album.

By way of contrast, the long flowing lines of the new frocks accent the brevity of these cunning little fantasies made of silk, velvet or what not. About the newest thing recorded in the way of the short wrap, is the little cape of black or colorful velvet, after the type posed over the lace gown to the right in the picture. These capes are not only charming for evening wear, but for afternoon wear over flowing chiffon and organdie they are equally as wearable and fetching.

Imagine, if you will, the wrap as worn by mademoiselle to the left in the picture as made either of taffeta or transparent velvet, for designers favor each of these materials when it comes to creating these short, graceful wrap-around jacket types which are muchly shirred and otherwise fabric-manipulated.

This summer will witness the wearing of the little taffeta confections especially, which are made short, swathing the hipline, tying at the side with huge bows of their very own taffeta, and boasting flattering collars of self silk worked in sprightly ruchings and rufflings. Some of the more youthful types flaunt tiny shoulder capes instead of elaborate collars.

Make them of colorful transparent velvet if you prefer—these winsome novelty wraps. Very new, extreme, and we are almost tempted to say eccentric wraps, assume the lines of the old-fashioned fitted basque, the modernized versions featured with peplum flounces or flares about the hip. However, the graceful capelike versions are more youthful and will therefore prove the more popular. Some of the more formal types are daintily collared with fur, especially white ermine on black.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

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Planet History

A Story for the Children

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

"I REALLY don't know much about planet history," Harry said, "though I'm sure I did know that Venus was one.

"I just hadn't recognized the old girl—that was all, and I knew the Earth was one."

"Don't let it worry you about Venus," said his friend Cosmo.

Harry didn't say anything, but he felt like saying that it wouldn't worry him at all!

"Venus has been called the morning and the evening star for almost as long as she has been known.

"I think I'd better brush you up on family information before you start visiting these planets—that is if you'd like to go to the planets first?"

"I would," agreed Harry very heartily. "I'd like to go wherever I could." He had just discovered some nuts. He was very fond of nuts.

"Three cheers!" shouted Cosmo. Harry wondered where he had heard that expression.

"You see, I know how it is," Cosmo explained, "you forget about people you've not seen or heard of in a long time. The Sun, you remember, your very own Sun is a star, and together with the planets make up your grand solar system—and the moons you know are those which travel around some of those planets."

"Moons?" shouted Harry. "You mean moon."

"I don't at all," laughed Cosmo. "I mean moons."

"But there's only one."

"Only one? Hush! Don't let Jupiter or Saturn hear you say that."

"Why?"

"Because there are twenty-seven moons and you'll hear about them when you visit some of their planets."

"I always thought there was only one moon. "I guess," Harry added, as though this thought was a great comfort, "that there are lots of people, too, who think there is only one."

"You can tell them they're wrong."

"Are you sure I won't be fooling them?"

"Perfectly sure. Now the names of the planets, giving them in the usual order of their distance from the Sun are Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, the Asteroids (they're the baby planets and we won't have time for them), Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune.

"The old Babylonian priests discovered the planets which we know as Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus

Discovered the Planets.

and Mercury. They can be seen quite easily. It wasn't until the Nineteenth century that Neptune and Uranus were discovered. Oh, how I've always loved the family name of planets!"

"Have you?" asked Harry. He made up his mind he wouldn't eat any more nuts. It was so hard to stop eating them once you had started.

"Yes, I've liked thinking of their name meaning wanderer. I love to think of them, when I have my quiet thoughts at home, (and home is everywhere for me) wandering through the sky."

"But you said they always followed the same path."

"True. Still they get plenty of exercise and plenty of wandering as they travel along. You never wander off the earth and yet you probably do a good deal of exercising and walking and exploring.

"But now you must get started." Cosmo signaled to the pilot and they increased their speed again, the rockets shooting off behind them as they sped through the sky. "I'll come back for you. Ah, we've landed on Mercury."

(©, 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

Chocolate in the Diet

Chocolate for eating is comparatively a modern development. As a beverage it has been used since the discovery of America. The Aztecs made a cold, frothy drink from cacao beans. It is only since 1700, however, that milk has been used in preparing the drink.

Pity Poor Man

A judge has just affirmed that a man is not old at fifty-nine. No one would dare even to ask such a question about a woman.

Soup and Things

By NELLIE MAXWELL

BEEF soup or consomme may be made the base of many interesting dishes such as molded meat, fish or vegetable combinations, when thickened with gelatin. Beef soup treated with gelatin is fine for stuffed vegetables such as tomatoes and green peppers. Oxtail soup makes a fine filling for stuffed cabbage. This soup when served with dumplings is especially well liked. Add a binding of flour and butter.

Try the mulligatawny heated and served with hot boiled rice, garnished with pimentos cut into strips or with chopped green peppers.

With the mock turtle soup add a bit of lemon juice and a dash of worcestershire or tabasco. Serve with a slice of hard-cooked egg, a slice of lemon cut very thin and pour the hot soup over them. Serve at once.

Deviled Crab.—Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour and when well blended add one cupful of thin cream, one teaspoonful of paprika, a dash of cayenne, two egg yolks, two cupfuls of crab meat, one-half teaspoonful of lemon juice, two-thirds of a cupful of buttered bread crumbs. Mix and cook three minutes, place in a buttered ramekin and cover with buttered crumbs. Place a thin slice of lemon on top of each serving. Bake until brown. Garnish with parsley.

Stuffed Pimentos.—Place canned pimentos in ramekins, open them carefully and stuff with the following: One-half pound of fresh mushrooms or a tin will do, cook in butter if fresh, add one-half chopped onion, one and one-half cupfuls of white sauce, one cupful of fine crumbs, one chopped pimento, one cupful of cooked meat finely chopped, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, salt, paprika and pepper to taste. Cover with buttered crumbs and set in water to bake until brown on top.

(©, 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Oh Promise Me"

At some time in her life Cupid pleads to every attractive woman. No matter what her features are, a woman who is sickly cannot be attractive. Sallow skin, pimples, sunken eyes, lifeless lips — these are repellent. DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY is just the tonic a run-down person needs. It enriches the blood, soothes the nerves and imparts tone and vivacity to the entire system.

In liquid or tablets, at drug store.

Send 10c for trial package of tablets to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, in Buffalo, N. Y., and write for free advice.

CREAMERY AND ICE CREAM PLANT in Calif. town. Nets $10,000 yr. Com.equip. Price $40,000, terms. Central Inv. Co., 3086 W. Pico, Los Angeles.

For Galled Horses
Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

To Get Results

He Wrote—Nothing you may do, dearest, can still the ocean of emotion in my heart.

She Wrote — Inclosed herewith, dearest, please find my last hat bill. —Chicago Daily News.

CONSTIPATED?
Take NR—NATURE'S REMEDY —tonight. Your eliminative organs will be functioning properly by morning and your constipation will end with a bowel action as free and easy as nature at her best—positively no pain, no griping. Try it.
Mild, safe, purely vegetable— at druggists—only 25c
FEEL LIKE A MILLION, TAKE
NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

Marble Vein Relocated

What promises to be an important event in Vermont marble fields is the discovery of a large deposit of pure white statuary marble in the quarries at Middlebury. Sixty years ago there was a small deposit of this stone worked in Middlebury and so famous did the stone become that nearly all the prominent sculptors of that day used the marble. After a time the vein was lost and after many efforts to find it again the owners of the quarry were obliged to give up the search.

Too many things are done well that are not worth doing at all.

All ignorance is not bliss.

AUGUST FLOWER
—brings almost instant relief from terrible colic pains. Banishes heartburn, nausea, sick headache, biliousness, sluggish liver, constipation. *Promptly* restores good appetite and digestion, and regular, thorough elimination. GUARANTEED.
Ends **DYSPEPSIA!** *Quickly!*
Sold at all good drug stores.

"RIGHT DOWNTOWN"
HOTEL BRAYTON
50 TURK ST. AT MARKET
$1.50 DAILY RATES — A good place to stop in San Francisco — FREE GARAGE
PRIVATE TOILET EVERY ROOM — PLENTY HEAT & HOT WATER

Hampshire Sheep. Stud and Range Rams. They sire lambs that grow fast and sell fast. STRALOCH FARM, DAVIS, CALIF.

MAY BABY CHICK SPECIAL. Buy our chicks now and have full egg baskets later. Breeding flocks accredited, hand culled and regularly serviced. Rocks and Reds $15; White Leghorn Chicks $10.50 per 100. Expressage prepaid and live delivery guaranteed. Barber & Son of Livermore write: "For the past 10 yrs. we have been getting our White Leghorn chicks from the Graham Hatchery at Hayward, using from 5,000-9,000 chicks per year. We have had uniformly good results with these chicks. For size, vigor and livability we think they cannot be excelled. Signed, Verde Farm, J. H. Barber, G. H. Barber." Send for interesting literature. **Graham Hatchery, Hayward, Calif.**

Marvel Electric Brooder Heater
Can be used in any box or brooder. Will care for 1 to 150 Chicks. The most economical and care free heater devised. Price $2.50 postpaid, C. O. D. Agents Wanted.
MARVEL MFG. CO.
351 Larkin St. - San Francisco, Cal.

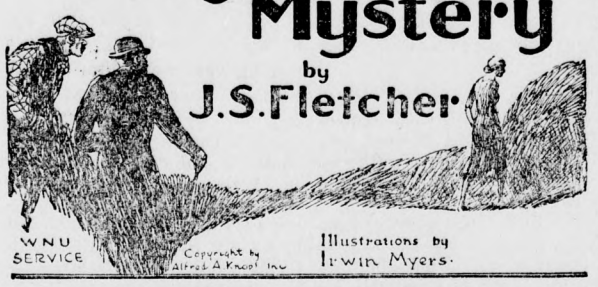
San Francisco
Exquisitely appointed, with every requisite of finer living. Dining room and coffee shop famed for excellence. $3 to $6
TAYLOR at O'FARRELL
HOTEL CALIFORNIAN

SUCH IS LIFE— Thrifty Idea!

By Charles Sughroe

The Mazaroff Mystery

by J. S. Fletcher



WNU SERVICE

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Illustrations by Irwin Myers.

WHAT WENT BEFORE

Mervyn Holt is engaged by a man calling himself Mazaroff as a traveling companion. After a short tour they put up at Woodcock inn, on Marrasdale moor. They meet, casually, Mrs. Elphinstone and Sheila Merchison. Mazaroff informs Holt that they are his wife and daughter and that his real name is Merchison. That night Mazaroff fails to return to the inn. Holt meets Sheila and tells her of Mazaroff's disappearance. They go to her cousin's (Verner Courthope) shooting box, hoping to hear word of Mazaroff. They meet Mr. Armintrade and Doctor Eccleshare. Police Sergeant Manners and a reporter, Bownas, question Holt. Mazaroff's murdered body is found. Crole, Mazaroff's lawyer, and Maythorne, private detective, arrive. Valuable diamonds that Mazaroff usually carried are missing. A gun, stolen from Musgrave, is found at the scene of the murder.

CHAPTER III—Continued

—5—

"There now, master!" remarked the old woman, glancing reprovingly at the old man. "You see now!—this gentleman's only asking his way. The path, sir?—it leads across the moor to High Cap lodge, sir; Mr. Courthope's place."

"Then it makes a short cut to—where, now?" asked Maythorne.

"Well, sir, it's a short cut from Mr. Courthope's to Birnside, and to the Woodcock," replied the old woman. "But it's little used, sir—it's little better than a sheep track."

"And we didn't see nobody along it that night, neither one way nor t'other," growled the old man. "Don't know nothing—ain't got nothing to tell—nothing!"

We backed out, closed the door, and went away. Maythorne smiled—inscrutably.

"All the same, Mazaroff followed this path," he said. "Why? Did he want to go to High Cap lodge?—Mr. Courthope's place? Or—had he been there and was coming away from it? Who knows? However, I want to go up to the top of those rocks."

He turned off the path, and began to make his way to the head of the ravine through the scrub and undergrowth. Crole and I followed. We came out on a sort of plateau, overlooking the black depths in which Mazaroff's body had been found. And there, a solitary figure, stood another old man, older, it seemed, than the crusty and ancient fellow we had just left; grayer, more gnarled and wrinkled, but erect and alert, and evidently quick of hearing as a boy, for at the first sound of our approach he turned sharply upon us.

"The place already attracts the curious,' he observed, half-ironically.

"We have something more than idle curiosity to bring us here, sir," retorted Crole, almost sharply. "We are the dead gentleman's friends! May I in my turn ask—as you seem interested in the matter—if you can tell us anything to help us?"

The old man smiled, and looked from one to the other.

"Well, I could tell you of something, but whether it will help you or not I don't know. Yet—it might. I heard a gun discharged—hereabouts—on the night this man was missed."

"And about what time would that be?" inquired Crole.

"About what is usually my bedtime," replied the old fellow. "Ten o'clock."

Crole looked at Maythorne. "That must have been the shot," he said, musingly.

Just then the policeman at the foot of the rocks, who had been pottering about the bushes, looked up, and waved his hand excitedly.

"Come down here!" he shouted. "I've found something. A gun!"

We began to descend the rocks to the dense undergrowth amidst which the policeman stood. He was gingerly handling a sporting gun, and as we drew up to him, he nodded toward a clump of overgrown gorse.

"Shoved in beneath that!" he exclaimed. "That's where it was."

Maythorne opened the breech—there were two cartridges in the barrels; one, in the choke-bore barrel, had been discharged. He glanced at Crole.

"Odd!" he said. "Why didn't he use the right-hand barrel in firing?"

The old gentleman, who seemed to be fascinated by the sight of a weapon that had doubtless been used by a murderer, laughed a little.

"If that's the gun that was used to shoot this young gentleman's elderly companion," he remarked, "as I, personally, have no doubt it was, there's a good reason why the murderer used the left-hand barrel. Perhaps you're not a shooting man, sir?—if not, I may tell you that the left-hand barrel of a fowling piece is always narrowed in the bore as it approaches the muzzle; the notion, of course, is that the shot, or discharge, is concentrated rather than diffused. If a man wanted to shoot another man dead, at close quarters, as in this case, he'd naturally use the choke-bore barrel in preference to the other."

Then, with a polite nod, he turned and went off. Maythorne watched him for a minute or so; then glanced at the policeman.

"Who is that old gentleman?" he asked.

"That's Mr. Hassendeane of Birnside house, sir," replied the policeman.

Maythorne drew Croles attention and mine to a name and address engraved on a plate let into the stock—J. Musgrave, Woodcock inn, Marrasdale. "This is the landlord's missing property, sure enough," he remarked.

We left Reiver's den, and went back across the moor. Maythorne, as soon as we reached the Woodcock, sought out Musgrave and told him of the discovery of his missing gun. He hurried over his lunch, and as soon as I had finished mine addressed me.

"The police are sure to come along here after the finding of that gun," he remarked. "And I want to be beforehand with them. I want to examine Mazaroff's belongings."

"Just so!" murmured Crole. "That, of course, must be done."

We went up to the dead man's room. Maythorne did the searching while Crole and I looked on. In the waistcoat pockets of a well-worn tweed suit Maythorne found a number of loose diamonds, large and small.

"What did I tell you?" exclaimed Crole as the diamonds came to light. "He did carry diamonds, loose, on him? Look at those, now—must be a dozen or so stones there, loose in his pocket! Do you suppose those are worth a lot, Maythorne?—You know more about it than I do."

"Can't say," replied Maythorne, indifferently. He was more deeply interested in a crumpled scrap of thin paper which he found in an inner pocket and smoothed out before use.

"Look at this!" he said presently. "Here's something, at any rate."

The scrap of paper was a receipt for a registered letter, dispatched from Cape Town, and addressed to the Imperial Banking Corporation of South Africa, 695 Lombard street, London. Maythorne pointed to the date—January 17—on the postmark.

"Nine months since," he remarked. "How long had Mazaroff been in England when you met him at the Cecil?"

"A few weeks," I replied. "As far as I know."

"I know," said Crole. "He came to England in July—about the end of the month."

"Then the letter, or packet, or whatever it was, to which this receipt refers, was sent off from Cape Town to the London branch of this bank some months before Mazaroff came here," observed Maythorne. He turned the receipt over. "There's an indorsement on the back—letters and a figure," he continued. "See! BL. D. 1. What's that mean, I wonder?"

He carefully put away the receipt.

"We'll just keep the knowledge of that to ourselves, for the present," he said. "If the police come here this afternoon, as they're pretty sure to, after that gun business, and want to examine his effects, let 'em. But I'll keep this scrap of paper to myself—I want to work things up from it."

The police came to the Woodcock a little later. They asked a lot of questions of Musgrave about his gun, and of me and of Webster about our movements on the night of the murder, of Crole about the dead man's identity and position; of me again about the money and valuables he was likely to have on him. And in the course of their investigations a fact came out of which I, until then, had been unaware. It turned out that after dinner on the night of the murder, while I was busied in writing some private letters, Mazaroff, who was naturally a sociable man, had strolled into the bar-parlor of the Woodcock, where a highly diversified assemblage had gathered—farmers, cattle dealers, drovers, idlers, all homeward bound from Cloughthwaite fair. There he had made himself very agreeable, and had treated the entire company to drinks and cigars, which he paid for with a five-pound note, taken, said the barmaid, from a notecase that seemed to be pretty full, and in open view of anybody and everybody.

This bit of news appeared to give considerable satisfaction and even relief to the police officials, and Manners, who lingered behind when his superiors went away, found it impossible to refrain from communicating to me his belief that they were on the right line of pursuit.

I communicated the police sergeant's notions to Crole and Maythorne. Maythorne seemed to understand Manners' standpoint.

"Following the most probable line," he remarked. "A sensible one, too. Here's an evidently wealthy man, traveling in a luxurious car of his own, puts up at a roadside inn, goes into a public bar-parlor, lets it be seen that he's lots of money on him, and strolls out on a lonely moor after night has fallen. What more likely than that one of the men before whom he's just pulled out his purse should slip after him, murder him, and rob him?"

"With Musgrave's gun?" I asked.

"Nothing out of the way about that little detail!" said Maythorne. "What was easier than for the murderer to take down the gun from those hooks, and slip out after Mazaroff?"

"That would presuppose a knowledge that the gun was there," remarked Crole.

"Precisely," agreed Maythorne. "There were no doubt local characters about who know quite well what was in this room and what hung on that wall. I think Manners has got hold of a good theory—murder for the sake of robbery. But—whether it's the right one or not—um!"

"You doubt it?" I asked.

He gave us a candid, confidential smile.

"If you really want to know," he replied. "I neither doubt it nor agree with it. At present I don't know where we are. I'd like to know a lot of things yet. In particular—who was the man that Mazaroff said he wanted to see, hereabouts? Did he see him? If so when—and where? If he hadn't seen him, was he on his way to see him at the time of the murder? Again—does this man, whoever he is, know Mazaroff as Mazaroff or as Merchison? Was Mazaroff murdered as Mazaroff, an unknown man here, or as Merchison, a man who had been known here?"

"Ah!" muttered Crole. "My question!"

CHAPTER IV

The York Solicitor.

THE inquest was duly opened next morning. Crole, as a solicitor whom he had employed in London, and I, as his traveling companion, identified the dead man as Salim Mazaroff, and told what we knew about him: Eccleshare and the local doctor testified as to

Wetherby Lost No Time in Letting the Authorities Know Why He and His Party Were There.

the cause of his death: the men who had found the body at Reiver's den gave evidence as to the circumstances under which they came across it. At this stage an interruption came through the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Elphinstone and Sheila, with whom appeared an elderly man of professional bearing; Manners, by whom I was sitting, whispered to me that this was Mr. Wetherby, Mrs. Elphinstone's lawyer.

Wetherby lost no time in letting the authorities know why he and his party were there.

He said, addressing the coroner, "I wish to make an application to you on behalf of my client, Mrs. Elphinstone, of Marrasdale tower. To support it, I shall have—very briefly—to refer to some past history. Mrs. Elphinstone, as Miss Jean Linton, was married, some twenty-three or four years ago, to a Mr. Andrew Merchison, who formerly had some connection with this neighborhood. The marriage was not a success, and to put matters plainly, Merchison, within a comparatively short time and after making due provision for his wife, deserted her, and, it was believed, went off to the East. Eight months after he had gone, Mrs. Merchison had a daughter—the young lady whom you now see here, Miss Sheila Merchison. Merchison was never heard of again until some years later, when Mrs. Merchison received news that he had been drowned off Mombasa, on the East African coast, while on a voyage from Bombay to Durban. From that time forward Mrs. Merchison believed herself a widow, and in due course she married again, and became Mrs. Elphinstone. Now I come to the cause and reason of my application. Yesterday, Mrs. Elphinstone was visited by two gentlemen now present, who have, I understand, just given evidence—Mr. Holt and Mr. Crole. On the invitation of Mr. Crole, Mr. Holt informed Mrs. Elphinstone that on the second evening after he and Mr. Mazaroff arrived here at the Woodcock, Mr. Mazaroff told him that though he had a perfect right to the name he was now known by, having legally adopted it some years ago, he was in reality the Andrew Merchison who had married Miss Jean Linton, and had left her. I need hardly say, sir, that this is a very serious matter for my client, and I think it will be well for all parties, if Mrs. Elphinstone is allowed to view the body of this dead man, in order that she may see if she can recognize it as that of Andrew Merchison."

"That seems, obviously, the very thing to do," agreed the coroner. "Perhaps you'll accompany your client, Mr. Wetherby?"

There was considerable hushed excitement in that room during the absence of Mrs. Elphinstone and her solicitor. Some of the older folk amongst the spectators whispered—the name Merchison had evidently roused sleeping memories.

When Mrs. Elphinstone, followed by Wetherby, reappeared, at the coroner's suggestion, she went into the witness box and gave evidence. It compressed itself into this—she could not identify the dead man as Andrew Merchison. Had the features remained unmolested, she said calmly, she might have done so, but as things were—impossible!

Crole, in his professional capacity, rose to ask Mrs. Elphinstone a question.

"Mrs. Elphinstone," he said, "had Andrew Merchison a cast in his left eye?"

"Certainly, he had," she replied. "A decided one!"

Crole turned to the coroner.

"Numerous witnesses can prove that the unfortunate gentleman into whose death you are inquiring had such a cast—a squint—in his left eye, sir," he remarked. "He also had a birthmark in the form of a brown mole or blemish on his right forearm. That however, is not an uncommon mark, I believe, and I don't attach great importance to it. But I am strongly convinced that further proof of the identity of the deceased as Andrew Merchison will be found, and I should suggest—"

"There need be no doubt about it!" exclaimed a sudden voice from the spectators. "The man was Andrew Merchison!"

I knew whose voice that was before I looked round. Old Mr. Hassendeane, whom I had noticed when Crole and I entered the room, had risen from his seat, and was smiling informingly at the coroner.

"Mrs. Elphinstone can't be positive. I may as well say that I am! I knew Andrew Merchison well enough in the old days, when he used to come here, and afterward when he was a young man—I knew him, too, after he'd married Miss Linton, now Mrs. Elphinstone. And my memory for faces is remarkably keen, and I recognized him easily enough when I saw him the other night. Andrew Merchison, without doubt!"

"Where did you see this man, Mr. Hassendeane?" interrupted the coroner.

"I saw him on the night on which he evidently met his death," replied the old gentleman. "It was in Birnside village street, near my house."

"And you are quite positive on this matter of identity?"

"I am absolutely positive! The man was Andrew Merchison, whatever he may have called himself of recent years."

The coroner glanced at the solicitors gathered about the table at the head of which he sat.

"I think we had better adjourn for a fortnight?" he said. "During that time—"

Just then a policeman opened the door of the room, ushering in a young spectacled man. The coroner paused and glanced inquiringly at him.

The newcomer pulled out a cardcase and, advancing to the head of the table, whispered a few words in the coroner's ear. I saw a look of perplexity cross the coroner's face.

"We seem to be dealing with a strange, mysterious matter, quite apart from the death," he remarked. "This gentleman"—he glanced at the card—"Mr. Stephen Postlethwaite, solicitor, from York—tells me that he saw accounts of this case in the papers yesterday, and has hurried here to give some information. I suppose we'd better have it now?"

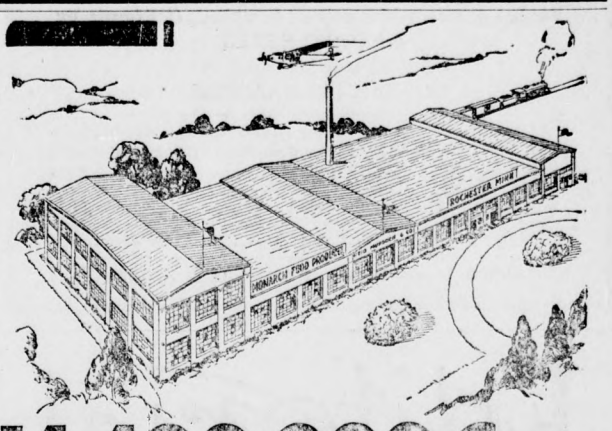
Mr. Postlethwaite formally described himself as a solicitor. He produced a diary, and exhibited an entry which recorded a call from Mr. Salim Mazaroff.

"Mr. Mazaroff," he continued, "who was a total stranger to me, introduced himself as staying in York for a few days at the North Eastern hotel. He then informed me that he was a very wealthy man; that he had made his money in various trading concerns in the East, and lately in extensive diamond dealings in South Africa; that he had now retired from all this, had realized his various properties, and lodged all his proceeds in cash at his London bank, the Imperial Banking Corporation of South Africa, pending investment in this country. Then in a rather jocular fashion he remarked that up to then, he had no children, and no relations, he had never made a will, but he now desired to do so. He produced a sheet of paper on which he had written out his wishes, handed it to me, and asked if I could put it into shipshape form. I told him I would have the will prepared for him and he was to call and execute it at any time after three o'clock that afternoon. He returned to my office at half-past three, when the will was ready for signature. He duly appended that and carried the will off with him. It was not until some days later that I found that I had omitted to give him his own original draft, which I found lying amongst some papers on my desk. I went round to the North Eastern hotel with it myself, but learned then that Mr. Mazaroff and his friend, Mr. Holt, had left for Durham and the north, leaving no address. I therefore locked up the draft. Yesterday I read in the newspapers the various accounts of what had happened here, and as I particularly noticed that Mr. Mazaroff had been robbed of his papers as well as his money and valuables, I thought it my duty to come here at once and tell what I knew."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Preparation of Suede

Suede is usually mocha or lambskin tanned on the wrong or bleached side or with the thin, glossy outer grain shaved or peeled off, leaving an undressed surface.



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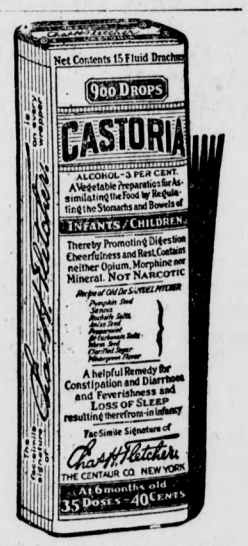
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Editorial

PROHIBITION

President Hoover's appeal to Congress for the immediate passage of legislation designed to strengthen his hand in the enforcement of the prohibition laws removes all possible doubt, if any ever really existed, as to whether or not he is in earnest in his desire to make the dry laws effective.

To agitation for the repeal of prohibition, based upon the assertion that it cannot be enforced, the president's response is that it has not had a fair chance at enforcement under the system which Congress has imposed upon the executive. He asks that the prohibition unit be transferred from the treasury, where it obviously does not belong, to the department of justice where it does belong; that measures be adopted to permit the speedy trial of prohibition violations in the federal courts; that more room be provided in federal prisons for those convicts under this law; that the border patrol be unified and made more effective and that an adequate statute be adopted for the control of the liquor traffic in the District of Columbia, for which Congress is the local legislative body.

The president is entitled to adequate tools with which to do the work which Congress imposes upon him. If the people of the United States really want prohibition enforced, and have impressed that fact upon their representatives in the Senate and House, Congress will strengthen the president's arm in these respects. If Congrss fails to do so, the fact will be hailed by the advocates of repeal as proof that the people are tired of prohibition and do not want it enforced.

On that plea, that public sentiment has changed since the Eighteenth amendment was adopted, the wets hope to win many victories at the polls this year. There are 36 senators to be elected in 1930, 435 members of the House of Representatives and governors in more than half the states. In many, if not most of these contests the wet vs. dry issue will be the paramount one.

Whatever else national prohibition has accomplished, it has done precisely what such far-seeing statesmen as Presidents Taft and Wilson predicted it would do; it has cut across party lines and thrown the whole political system of the United States into confusion. And unless this year's election settles the question, which is unlikely, there is an excellent chance that the sole major issue in the next presidential election will be that of prohibition. For nothing less than a clear-cut national referendum which will determine without equivication just what the people of the United States today really desire as to control or suppression of the liquor traffic will satisfy the ardent advocates either of prohibition or of its repeal.

* * * *

SUCCESS

"You cannot say that any man is successful, so long as he is alive," said the head of one of America's great industries not long ago. He meant that any man might make a blunder which would offset all that had gone before, no matter how successful he had been.

That was drawing it pretty fine, but how many men whom the world regards as successful feel that way about themselves? Find the men who feel that they have succeeded in doing all that they ever hoped or tried to do and you find the unhappiest men alive. They may have succeeded in their business enterprises, but they have not succeeded in living.

Success means different things to different people, and sometimes the man whom the world pities has succeeded in leading a happier life than has the one whom the world envies. A man who overtakes his ideals is not a success in any true sense of the world. Unless our standards grow steadily higher as we approach them we soon lose the zest of striving to attain them, and in that striving, not in the overtaking, lies happiness, and nowhere else.

It is a common misconception that the Declaration of Independence declares happiness to be one of the inalienable rights of humankind. The right which the colonists so boldly claimed was the right to pursue happiness. And the man or woman, who discovers early in life that the nearest approach to happiness, is through a constant endeavor to do the job in hand, as well as it can be done comes nearer to success, not only in his or her immediate occupation but in the broader sense of living a successful life.

Vacancie In Domestic Arts Courses, Local Hi

The domestic arts section of the "night school" has room for a few more enrollments for the remainder of the quarter ending in June.

The sessions are in the afternoon. Monday and Wednesday the millinery and dressmaking classes meet in the main building. Tuesday and Thursday the weaving classes meet in the art department at the annex. This is a new project in keeping with the vogue for clever woven handbags, rugs, pillows, etc. A nominal fee of $1 is charged to cover the cost of the warp used. An informal exhibit of the work is open to anyone interested. Some particularly excellent pieces are in the making now.

The instructor is Mrs. Roberts of San Jose, who has specialized in night class work for the past eight or nine years. She is an expert costume designer, bringing to Campbell an unusual opportunity for study in home decoration.

Just For Fun

A COLUMN OF FUN AND FACTS

By Haliwell & Jones

HOWDY FOLKS — Sunday was Mothers' day. Mother celebrated by rising at 6 a. m., doing a full day's work around the house and retiring at 10 p. m.

* * * *

Carnations are the official emblem for Mothers' day. On all other days mother's official emblem is a broom.

* * * *

A mother is a person who thinks you are beautiful even if you are so pug-nosed that you almost drown when you go out in the rain.

* * * *

ADVICE TO PEDESTRIAN DEPARTMENT
Conducted by Maud Muffins

Miss Muffins says that there are so many pedestrians being killed by automobiles that she hereby coins the word "motorcuted," meaning killed by an automobile.

* * * *

Flapper drivers, says George Barnes, who are afraid their hands will not be .seen .when they hold them out to signal a turn, might try sticking their leg out.

* * * *

Ralph Hyde is a life insurance man who makes it a pleasure to die if you are insured in his company, reports a local policy holder.

* * * *

THE HEIGHT OF NERVE
The guy in a rowboat who stops a General oil tanker and asks the captain for enough gasoline to fill his cigarette lighter.

* * * *

In trying to beat trains to crossings sometimes excitable drivers fly to pieces.

* * * *

Drive down some day and see us about a set of GOODYEAR TIRES. They won't fly to pieces under and circumstances.

HALIWELL & JONES
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Keeslings Celebrate Golden Wedding

There was an open house reception at the H. G. Keesling home on Hamilton avenue between the hours of 2 and 6 Tuesday, May 13. The occasion was their golden wedding anniversary.

Over 200 friends and relatives were present, greeting the couple. Mrs. Kesling was a charming hostess in orchid gown and slippers. Their home was a bower of flowers, while fresh baskets, potted plants and lovely ferns were continually arriving. Among the most notable was the baskets sent by the Flower Lovers club, of which Mr. Keesling is president, the Mountain View Grange and the Sunnyvale Grange.

Mr. Gordon, San Jose photographer was present, and made movies of the event.

The entire Keesling family was present.

Miss Ione Pearce and Mickey Morgan Wed At Palo Alto Sunday

Somewhat of a surprise to the people of Campbell comes the news of the marriage of Miss Ione Pearce to William (Mickey) Morgan. They were married Sunday afternoon May 11 at Palo Alto, with Rev. Father Maurice O'Keefe conducting the ceremonies. Only the families of the couple were present, but many friends were waiting at the church door with congratulations.

The bride is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Pearce of San Andro and the granddaughter of W. E. Call of Campbell. She is employed as bookkeeper and stenographer at the Standard Furniture company in San Jose.

The groom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Morgan of Campbell. He has been associated in business with his father in their dry goods store in Campbell for the past year.

The couple left immediately after the wedding, in a storm of old shoes and rice, for points in northern California, Oregon and Washington for a two-week honeymoon trip. Upon their return they will make their home in Campbell.

Newly Organized Post Invites Campbell Vets To Willow Glen

Recently there was organized the Willow Glen Post, American Legion. The first meeting was held April 25 at which the organization was outlined and the following officers elected: O. Dodd, commander, R. A. Dickinson, adjutant.

The meetings are being held in the town hall—upstairs in the fire house—usually on a Tuesday night. Campbell vets who are anxious to join up with a convenient Legion post should communicate with R. A. Dickinson, 835 Willow Glen Way, San Jose.

Mrs. Carl Field Hostess To Her Friends At Fig Tree Inn Saturday

The Fig Tree Inn was chosen by Mrs. Carl Field in which to entertain her friends Saturday. After viewing the lovely gardens the guests assembled for bridge. At the close of the afternoon a dainty luncheon was served, with the company seated at one long table. Pink and orchid were the colors used in nut cups, tall tapers and bowls of flowers placed at intervals upon the table.

Catholic Ladies Card Party Will Help Pay For New Building

The ladies of the St. Lucy Catholic church are giving a card party at the community hall Friday, May 23, at 8 p. m. The committee in charge is as follows: Mrs. A. Nunes, Mrs. Gomez and Mrs. J. Cravaell. Refreshments will be served, included in the price of admission. The proceeds will be used to help pay for the new church building.

Religious Play At Local Church Well Received

In the religious drama, "The Rock," presented Sunday evening at the Congregational church, Ruth Townsend and Cecil Cutting took the parts of Mary of Magdala and Peter, and played the difficult roles very well, putting into them a great deal of expression and reality. Those supporting the leads and equally worthy of praise are Elsie Merrill, Elin and Ebba Swanson, Bernard Robson, Hervey Voge, Elwood Swane and Eugene Grattan.

Members and friends filled the church to hear this fine play and were not disappointed. Miss Annette Merrill sang several selections between the acts and the four-piece Page orchestra also entertained the congregation.

This Sunday, May 18, at 7:30 p. m., the Bell Canto club, the girls' glee club of the San Jose State college will sing. Rev. J. H. Bennett will prepare a special sermon for this occasion.

Miss Katherine Aldrich Hostess at Miscellaneous Shower for Miss Smith

Miss Katherine Aldrich was hostess at a miscellaneous shower and party given Saturday evening in honor of Miss Louise Smith at the James Burns residence on McCoy avenue.

The rooms were beautifully decorated in pink Cecil Bruener roses and wild flowers. The 26 young ladies who gathered were entertained by games and charades.

Miss Smith, the guest of honor, the queen of the fiesta, is to be married in September to Clayton Willis of Campbell. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Hulbert Willis of Campbell and is employed at the First National bank in San Jose.

Final Meet of Season Held Saturday by Pomona Grange

May 10 the Pomona Grange held an all-day session, the last of the season, at the Campbell high school annex.

Delegates from all over the county attended. Plans for the coming year were discussed. A portion of the ritual was omitted.

After the regular meeting a basket social dinner was served. A program followed. The music was furnished by Orchard City Grange orchestra, led by Calvin Bohnett. Mrs. Schulte, Mrs. Hanger and Mrs. Allen presented a comedy, "References Required." John Mason gave a reading and Miss Olive Hanger obliged with two vocal selections.

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Opposite Bank
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WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

She found herself standing on a corner in a strange city; a beautiful young woman who did not know her name nor remember anything aoout her past life. A policeman asked her if she were introuble. Frightened, she said she was not. A handsome young man who had been watching her came up and spoke. He said that he had noticed her having breakfast in the hotel where he also was staying. She htought he looked honest, and she was terribly afraid, especially after she had found nothing in her purse that would tell her even her name. She consented to let him escort her to the Garland hotel. In the taxieab she learned that she was on Fifth avenue in New York.

Now go on with the story:

"Yes," he told her, thinking it out as he spoke. "We can do it like this: I will get out of the cab a block from the hotel and walk the rest of the way. When you reach the Garland, go to the desk in the main hall, and ask the clerk if there's any mail for you. If there is, it may give you all the information you need. Anyway, it will give you your name. If there isn't any mail, the clerk may mention your name as he tells you so. In any case, go from the desk to the writing room at the left of the entrance, and sit down at one of the double writing-tables. I will come into the hotel just behind you, and after you have left the desk, if I see that you haven't got anything, I'll ask Robinson, the clerk, who you are and where you're from. He'll tell me. He's a nice chap, and we've talked a lot since I came. Then I'll

come in and sit down opposite you at the desk you have chosen, and if there's any one else in the room I will cater to conso run over a few letters that me a blotter or something of that sort. We can fall into a low-voiced chat and I'll tell you what I've learned."

"You think of everything," she assured him with relief; and again there was a faint suggestion of a smile around her mouth.

There was no trace of a smile ten minutes later, however, when the clerk, having greeted her with evident recognition but without mentioning her name, turned from his inspection of the mail rack to tell her there were no letters. It was a heavy blow, but she left the desk without signs of its effect. The hotel was strange to her.

Nothing she saw suggested that she had ever been there before, except the attitude of the clerk. He had gone to the mail rack with the assurance of one who knew exactly what he was looking for, and he had alsorun over a few letters that had just been dropped on his desk. On a second thought she turned back to him.

"My key, please."

He took a key from the rack and handed it to her, and when she had found the writing room and sat down at a table she looked at the number on the brass tag. One hundred and twenty-eight. So the young man with the nice face was right that far. She was a registered guest at this hotel; and the hotel itself, though a trifle passe, was reassuring in appearance and atmosphere.

Her slight delay had caused her to pass her new acquainance in the lobby and he stepped aside to make way for her, raising his hat with conventional courtesy as he did so. She responded with an almost imperceptible negative sign but he saw it and approached his friend Robinson.

"Who is that girl?" he asked casually, nodding at the slight retreating figure, as he lit the match he had asked for and applied it to a cigarette. "She sits at the table next to mine."

Robinson gave him an understanding grin.

"Easy to look at, isn't she? Her name is Parsons, I think—Miss Eve Parsons. At least it's as much like that on the register as like anything. She begins a word with one big clear letter and goes on with a wavy line. But we've called her Miss Parsons ever since she came and she answers to it," he added philosophically, "so I guess it's all right."

"Where's she from?"

The young man lounged against the desk in the manner of a visitor to the city, talking without much interest but to kill time; and the clerk goodhumoredly bore with him, having nothing else to do at the moment.

"That's another queer thing—I can't make out her home town except that it begins with N. I meant to ask her, but I forgot. Jenkins, the night clerk, was here when she registered three nights ago, and he didn't pay much attention, because she said she was leaving again the next morning. I suppose she changed her mind, the way women do," he ended with large tolerance. "Anyway, you see she didn't go."

"How about her letters? They would settle the matter of the name, at least," the guest suggested.

"She hasn't had any, yet."

"I wonder if I could make out the names. I'm rather good at reading scrawls. Do you mind letting me look at the register?"

Robinson produced the book, turning back two pages with a smile.

As he talked he ran a finger down the short list of entries, but his companion, whose interest seemed deeper now, found the name they wanted, before the clerk did.

"Here it is," the guest exclaimed, adding absently, "That's odd," as he studied the wavy line of the last word.

"Can you make out the town?" The clerk was beginning to think there might be more in this than appeared on the surface. The guest's face took on its most matter-of-fact expression, and he glanced at his watch as if abruptly reminded of the flight of time. "It seems to be Nilport," he indifferently suggested; "one of those small towns one never hears of unless one lives in them."

The young man strolled away into the writing room. It was empty except for the girl, so he wasted no time but went directly to her and seated himself in a chair beside hers.

"Good afternoon, Miss Parsons," he began.

She drew a quick breath.

"Is that it?"

"No, but that's what they call you here at the hotel."

She looked confused and puzzled.

"It doesn't mean anything to me," she bleakly admitted, "but what makes you think it isn't right?"

"Because I happen to know a little French."

As she waited uncomprehendingly, he took a card from the desk rack, wrote a line on it, and laid it before her.

"Your signature on the register isn't very legible," he explained, "and the hotel people interpreted your name as Parsons. But this is what it looked like. Does that mean anything?"

She shook her head.

"Evidently you know French; don't you?"

"I think I do. I'm not very sure about what I know and what I don't know."

"Then let me write it more clearly as I interpret it. Does this mean anything?" He wrote another card and she read it in a low voice.

"Miss Eve Personne, Nulle part'—'Miss Eve Nobody, Nowhere,'" she slowly translated and looked at him with a whitening face. "What does it mean?"

There was a note of actual hysteria in her voice, and he quieted her with a gesture.

"Don't be frightened," he begged. "We're getting our explanation, but we've got to do some guesswork. It may mean that you were rather desperate when you came here. Perhaps you were afraid of a nervous breakdown and felt it coming; perhaps you were hiding from some one; anyway, you certainly registered in a way that gave no clue to who you are."

"Then we're just where we were!" she cried out. "What shall I do?"

He found his card case and taking a card from it, laid the bit of pasteboard beside the two already on the desk before her.

"First of all, remember that this little episode won't last long. Then remember that I'm here to see you through," he said comfortably. "I am your friend and brother for the time if you will have me." It was hard to see that look of terror in her eyes. "Memory may come back any minute, you know, as suddenly as it left," he again reminded her.

To steady her he pushed his card directly under her eyes and went on talking.

"'Eric Hamilton, The University Club,'" he read aloud, and added the penciled word "Chicago" to the address. She gathered up the three cards without comment and dropped them into her handbag.

"Evidently I have a room in this hotel," she said. "Perhaps when I go to it I shall find some papers or other clues in my luggage."

He looked at his watch and casually added that he had a suggestion to make. He had been thinking hard.

"It's quarter of six," he said. "Suppose we dine here together at seven. You must eat something, you know, to keep up your strength. Then, if you haven't found any more clues in your room, I shall ask you to let me look up the best psychiatrist in town and have him come here this evening."

As she began to protest he raised his hand.

"Just hear me through," he begged. "I know a little about such cases, and my theory is that you will be alright in a day or two, or a few days at the most. I mean to stand by you till you are. But I want to find a reliable man, and have him see you, and give him all the facts we know and show him my own credentials, so that he'll let me act as your counselor and friend. If you insist, we'll wait till morning to send for him. If you seriously object to a doctor, we won't have one. I am not going to risk losing, by officiousness, any confidence you may have in me. But I've simply got to tell you what I think we ought to do, and then let you make your own decisions. You see that, dont' you? I wouldn't be worthy of your trust in me if I didn't do it."

She drew a deep sigh that was half a groan.

"It's amazingly kind of you to take all this trouble. I wonder if I've ever had an attack like this before. Somehow I feel that I haven't. I know you are being a Good Samaritan. And," she slowly admitted, "I suppose you are right about sending for the specialist."

Mr. R. Stephen Carrick, who dropped in at eight o'clock with the casual air of one making an evening call, was as human as he was distinguished. He listened patiently to Hamilton's preliminary recital, asked a few leading questions, and made a thorough examination of his patient in a manner that was not too impressive. He left Miss Parsons very much encouraged—they had decided to adopt the hotel's name for her—but when he found himself alone with Hamilton in the hotel writing room his manner was less care-free.

"It's a case one can't safely make any predictions about," he confessed. "If we knew what had caused the condition, or what the patient's previous life had been, we could do some guessing; and one man's guess would be about as good as another's.

"Her general health seems to be good. She's a highstrung, temperamental creature, but she has dignity and poise, even in this condition, and I'd wager she's kept herself pretty well in hand all her life. I'm guessing that some big jolt caused this—something that just about sent her off her head."

On the whole, their talk left the Good Samaritan glad he had shared his responsibilities; and later, in Miss Parson's upstair sitting room, he gave her a carefully edited report of Carrick's conclusions.

"He thinks, as I do," he robustly announced, "that it's merely a temporary matter. He told you that himself. Your memory may return any minute, or it may not come back for some time—possibly not for several days," he optimistically added, observing the quick change in her expression.

"As I expected, he wants a nurse with you at night," he went on, "and he will send a good one within an hour. He knows of just the right person. I'll stay with you till she comes—she is an understanding, tactful woman, and she realizes that she is engaged simply as a companion."

When he stopped she rose and walked to a window of her sitting room, where she stood for a moment with her back to him, staring out at the night. He had too much understanding to speak or even approach her. But he could watch her, and he did.

She was very slight and girlish, and in the rather dim room the light from a gold-shaded bulb near her gave her bobbed bronze-tinted hair the effect of a halo around her small head. Her situation moved him profoundly. Life was a queer thing he told himself as solemnly as if the discovery had been unique. Last night at this time he hadn't known that the girl was on earth. Tonight she was his biggest interest, his greatest responsibility.

(Continued Next Week)

George Ellison Buys Santa Cruz Ranch For Chick Hathcery

Through Harry L. Hussman of Santa Cruz, George Ellison, owner of the Mission Hatchery, has purchased the Morgan ranch near Santa Cruz, where he expects to develop one of the largest poultry plants in the state. He expects to develop it into a 500,000 chick capacity plant. Mr. Ellison will spend in the neighborhood of $40,000 in constructing the plant. He leaves this week for a tow-months' stay in New York and will start work on the new hatchery upon his return.

FIESTA PARADE IS TO BE BIGGER AND BETTER THIS YEAR

The Fiesta de las Rosas grand floral parade, always the feature event on the program, has more floats this year than in previous years, William M. Godfrey, general chairman, has announced. The parade will start at 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon from Fifth and Santa Clara streets and will end on the Alameda at McKendrie. Each of the floats (the total of which will approach 75) will be made entirely of natural flowers and greens.

Deputy Sheriff Barnes Arrests Traffic Violator

Traffic rules must be more strictly observed in Campbell hereafter. A common violation, making a u-turn in a business district, was quickly pounced upon by Deputy Sheriff Barnes when he took into custody Thursday morning Mrs. Hazel Blakesly, a newcomer in Campbell. Appearing before Justice of the Peace John Blaine she was promptly fined two dollars.

Monday evening Mr. Stubbe was arrested on the same charge.

The spring division of the Congregational Guild will hold a food sale Friday, May 16, in the Gilson meat market.

FIELD'S STORE

THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY SPECIALS

White King, granulated soap, large pkg.	39c
I. X. L. not boneless Chicken Tamales, 2 cans.	23c
Spicky, 1 lb. can.	13c
Alpine Milk, 3 tall cans.	25c
Fortuna String Beans, 2 No. 2 cans.	45c
Comet White Rice, 2 lb. pkg.	21c
Calo Dog Food, 2 No. 1 cans.	23c
Dunbar Shrimp, 2 five oz. cans.	33c
Custo "A Man's Desert,' 3 pkgs.	23c
Warrenton Minced Clams, 2 No. ½ cans.	35c
Star Olive Oil, pint tin.	41c

FIELD'S STORE

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Campbell, Calif.

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LOW SUMMER FARES ON PACIFIC COAST NOW ON SALE
LOW SUMMER FARES EAST START MAY 22

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to bring the things you want most within easy reach.

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If you are planning to buy or build a home our officers will be glad to give you the benefit of their judgment.

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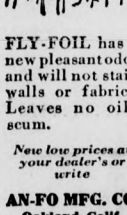
Almost everybody knows how Bayer Aspirin breaks up a cold—but why not prevent it? Take a tablet or two when you first feel the cold coming on. Spare yourself the discomfort of a summer cold. Read the proven directions in every package for headaches, pain, etc.

BAYER

Homesteads. Some of Arizona's choicest still available. World War Veterans credited with military service. J. K. Stewart, 135 N. 10th Ave., Phoenix, Ariz.



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HEALED OVERNIGHT
Specialist's salve, Carboil, stops pain instantly. Heals worst boil overnight. Get Carboil from druggist. End pain quick. Boils vanish in quickest time ever known.

One Soap *is all you need*

for **Toilet Bath Shampoo**

Keep your complexion free of blemishes, your skin clear, soft, smooth and white, your hair silky and glistening, your entire body refreshed.

Use

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

Contains 33⅓% Pure Sulphur. At druggists

Rohland's Styptic Cotton, 25c

Grave Crisis

Another minor domestic tragedy occurs when the can opener cannot be found.—Louisville Times.

KILLS FLIES

Just spray FLY-FOIL a few times a day about the rooms — all the flies and mosquitoes disappear. Positive and lasting in its results. Not a poison.

FLY-FOIL has a new pleasant odor and will not stain walls or fabrics. Leaves no oily scum.

New low prices at your dealer's or write

AN-FO MFG. CO.
Oakland, Calif.

Dairy Fly-Foil Keeps Flies Off Cows

FLY-FOIL

Children Find Millions

Children playing hide-and-seek in an abandoned monastery in the Volga region of Russia discovered treasure chests containing gold, silver and jewelry to the value of several millions of rubles. Seeking hiding places they removed a pile of lumber heaped in a corner, and underneath they found a passage leading to the treasure chamber. Similar finds have been made in other parts of Russia, the treasure generally having been hidden and left by czarists in their flight.

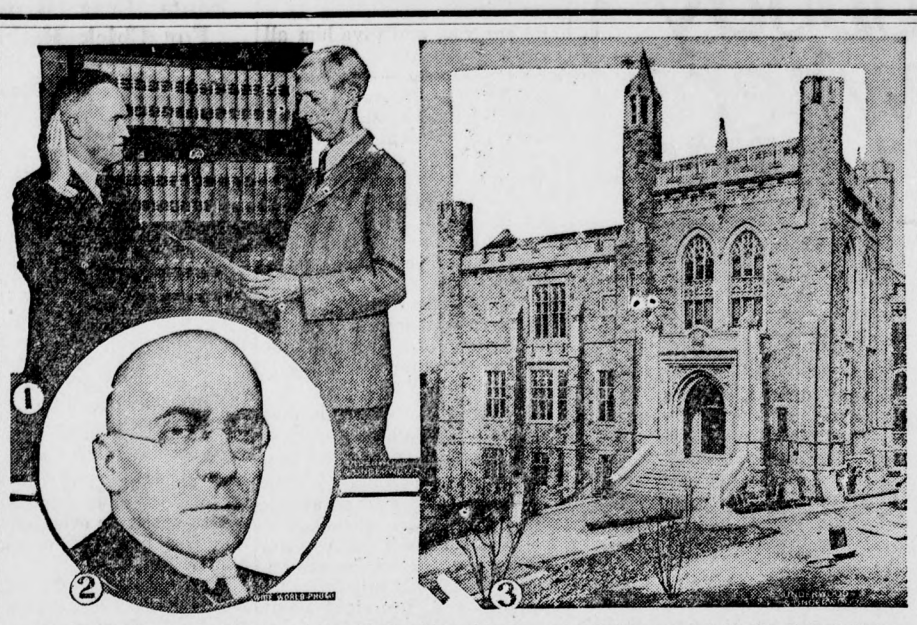
When Food Sours

Lots of folks who think they have "indigestion" have only an acid condition which could be corrected in five or ten minutes. An effective anti-acid like Phillips Milk of Magnesia soon restores digestion to normal.

Phillips does away with all that sourness and gas right after meals. It prevents the distress so apt to occur two hours after eating. What a pleasant preparation to take! And how good it is for the system! Unlike a burning dose of soda—which is but temporary relief at best—Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid.

Next time a hearty meal, or too rich a diet has brought on the least discomfort, try—

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia



1—Judge Thomas D. Thacher of New York taking the oath as solicitor general of the United States. 2—Dr. Heinrich Breuning, leader of the Centrist party, who is now chancellor of the German republic. 3—New library of Lehigh university, Bethlehem, Pa., costing $600,000, which has just been dedicated and opened.

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Stimson Returning With Naval Treaty—Fight Due in Senate.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

SECRETARY of State Stimson and his colleagues in the London naval conference sailed for the United States Wednesday, bringing with them a certified copy of the naval treaty which the senate will soon be asked to accept or reject. The treaty was signed on Tuesday by the representatives of the five powers concerned, the ceremony taking place at the final plenary session of the conference in the Queen Anne drawing room of St. James' palace. Prime Minister MacDonald, Mr. Stimson, Aristide Briand, Rejiro Wakasuki and Admiral Sorianni all spoke at some length and then affixed their signatures to the momentous document. The conference then was adjourned, with the way left open for its resumption when and if France and Italy can be brought into the full treaty by diplomatic negotiations.

Though the results of the three months of work in London fell far short of the hopes of those who sponsored the parley, they are by no means small. The treaty, though signed by all five powers, is in the main a three power pact between the United States, Great Britain and Japan by which those nations agree to limit the tonnage of all classes of fighting ships. America is to scrap three battleships, England five, and Japan one. The sections of the treaty adhered to by France and Italy provide for a five-years' holiday in battleship building, prescribe rules of submarine warfare and relate to less important phrases of disarmament. The compromise reached between the French global and the British and American categorical methods of limiting tonnage was omitted from the document but will be transmitted to the League of Nations for use by its preparatory committee on disarmament.

That he treaty would not have an easy time getting through the senate was assured when the plans of Senator Hale, chairman of the naval affairs committee, became known. He is leading the opposition and in his first attack on the pact will charge that its ratification will not give the United States parity in naval ships with Great Britain during the life of the pact. He also will attack the treaty on the ground that its provisions allowing Japan an increase in cruiser, submarine, and destroyer ratio will weaken the American naval position in the Far East and lower this country's prestige in the Orient.

It was said Mr. Hale found many admirals of the navy were hostile to the treaty mainly because of limitations placed on American building of 8-inch gun cruisers and the increase in the Japanese ratios. Senator Borah, chairman of the foreign relations committee, and Senators Reed of Pennsylvania and Robinson of Arkansas, are expected to lead the fight in behalf of ratification of the pact.

REBUTTAL evidence by the wets was heard by the house judiciary committee, the principal witnesses being Pierre S. du Pont, millionaire chemical and munitions manufacturer; Maj. Gen. Clarence R. Edwards, commander of the Twenty-sixth division, A. E. F.; Miss Elizabeth Harris, representing the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform, and Dr. Clarence F. Buck, secretary of the Federal Dispensary Tax-Reduction league. Mr. du Pont presented arguments and statements designed to refute the claims of the drys that the country's prosperity in recent years has been due mainly or in any marked degree to prohibition. General Edwards bitterly attacked the prohibitionists for putting through the Eighteenth amendment while the soldiers were overseas, told the bad results of drying up the military reservations as a preliminary experiment and gave facts and figures showing the excellent behavior of the American troops in France where they were permitted to drink wines and beer.

Declaring that "temperance" was his objective in coming from his farm in Westwood, Mass., to talk to the committee, he described prohibition as "the most intemperate thing that existed."

BEFORE another committee, that of the senate on lobbying, the liquor issue also was dominant. Henry H. Curran, president of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, had been summoned to tell of the activities of the officials of that organization, and he proved a very lively witness. In his first day's testimony he predicted the development of a new national party made up of the wet elements of both the Republican and Democratic parties, the platform for which already has been written by Dr. Samuel H. Church, president of the Carnegie Institute of Technology. He said Pierre du Pont has indorsed the proposal and has said the new party will be successful. As for lobbying, Mr. Curran freely admitted his association took part in the campaigns in Wisconsin and Illinois for repeal of the state liquor laws, but said he didn't see what that had to do with "lobbying in and around Washington," which is the subject of the committee's inquiry and of which he declared the association had not been guilty.

Next day Senator Robinson of Indiana came to bat with sensational charges that Curran's association had "lobbied with members of the United States Supreme court." He produced letters written by T. W. Phillips, Jr., Republican gubernatorial aspirant in Pennsylvania and a director of the association, to Justice Stone and the late Justice Sanford, and denounced them as "the most amazing thing I ever heard of."

Three hundred delegates representing the hundred thousand members of the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform held a conference in Cleveland, Ohio. A platform calling for repeal of the Eighteenth amendment was adopted, and Mrs. Charles Sabin of New York, founder of the organization, was elected its first president.

POSTAL substation leases are about to be investigated by a special senate committee, and at least one of them already is being probed by the federal trade commission. It is predicted that the inquiries will turn up a scandal rivaling the Teapot Dome affair. Rumors involve the names of high post office and other government officials in an alleged conspiracy that is said to have mulcted the government of millions of dollars and taken the life savings of thousands of innocent investors throughout the country.

NOMINATION of Judge Parker of North Carolina to be an associate justice of the Supreme court was rejected by the senate judiciary committee, and the matter goes to the floor of the senate. The vote to report adversely on the nomination was 10 to 6. The negro issue caused the defection of three administration Republicans and the opposition of organized labor accounted for the votes of the radicals on the committee.

COLONEL LINDBERGH, accompanied by his wife, put himself on the front page again by a record-breaking flight from Los Angeles to New York in his new Lockheed Sirius low wing monoplane. With one stop at Wichita for refueling, the Lindys made the trip in 14 hours, 45 minutes and 32 seconds. The flight was unique in that it was made at altitudes ranging from 14,000 to 15,500 feet, the colonel's idea being to demonstrate that express and passenger plane service can be greatly speeded up if the planes fly in the higher reaches where the air is thinner and the resistance less. Mrs. Lindbergh shared the honors with her husband, for she acted as navigator throughout the flight and at times handled the controls.

AMONG the victims of airplane accidents were two noted men. Count Henri de la Vaulx of Paris, president of the International Aeronautical federation, and three companions were electrocuted at Jersey City when their plane ran into a power cable in a fog. Maj. Lionel M. Woolson, army air reserve, chief aeronautical engineer of the Packard Motor company and inventor of the Packard Diesel aircraft engine, and two companions were killed near Attica when their Diesel motored plane crashed into a hillside during a blinding snowstorm. They were taking the plane to New York for exhibition in the aircraft show. Major Woolson designed the motor used by Commander Rogers in his flight to Honolulu, the X-type motor for Lieut. Al Williams' racing plane two years ago and the engines of the navy dirigible Shenandoah.

THREE hundred and eighteen inmates of the Ohio state penitentiary at Columbus lost their lives in one of the worst holocausts of recent years, and the pity of it is that not one of them need have died if the cell tiers had been unlocked promptly. At least, that is the statement of A. E. Nice, fire chief of Columbus. Where the blame is to be placed will be determined by an official inquiry.

The fire started, apparently, from a short circuited wire and spread with great rapidity, and most of the victims perished in locked cells. The other prisoners, numbering many hundreds, being freed, helped the firemen and guards in rescue work and some of them performed notable acts of heroism. Warden P. E. Thomas said at the investigation of the disaster that he did not provide general fire protection at the prison because the Columbus fire companies could reach there in two minutes, and that he did not go inside the walls to the scene of the fire because he had given orders and expected them to be carried out. The penitentiary, like most others in the country, was terribly overcrowded; in addition, the buildings were poorly constructed and not fireproofed.

WITH Gates W. McGarrah of New York as president, Leon Fraser as deputy president and Pierre Quesnay as general manager, the bank for international settlements at Basel, Switzerland, was fully organized and ready for work. The directorate decided that the issue of shares of stock of the bank should take place on the eighth day after ratification of the Young plan by Great Britain and Italy. On that day the new scheme of handling German reparations becomes officially operative. The directors decided to enter into trust agreements with Hungary, Bulgaria and Czechoslovakia to handle the collection of their reparations. Mr. McGarrah was empowered to open banking accounts whenever he pleases if the local and central banks do not object.

CHICAGO is really trying to rid itself of the gangsters who infest the city and who have given it such a malodorous reputation. Last week the Chicago crime commission listed 28 men whom it considers the worst of the lot, labeling them "public enemies," and asking the police to treat them accordingly. Police Commissioner Russell promised that he would co-operate in harassing them and that they would be arrested whenever they appeared on the streets. There was no news in the list. Every one of the men is notorious and his misdeeds well known to all readers of the Chicago newspapers. If the crime commission could see its way to printing the names of the corrupt politicians and disreputable lawyers with whose protection and aid the gangsters operate, the crime situation in Chicago might be cleared up more speedily.

REVOLT of the Nationalists of India against British rule is becoming more serious daily, and has passed beyond the "passive resistance" advocated by Mahatma Gandhi. There have been bloody riots in various quarters, and at Chittagong the insurgents raided the arsenal. The authorities now are making free use of the military forces and many natives have been killed as well as some soldiers. The revolt has spread over the entire Indian peninsula, outbreaks being reported in Karachi, on the Arabian sea; Chittagong, near Burma; Bombay, a thousand miles southwest; Calcutta and Madras, and late last week at Peshawar, on the northwest frontier.

FREDERICK HUFF PAYNE of Greenfield, Mass., was appointed by President Hoover to be assistant secretary of war to fill the vacancy created by the promotion of Patrick J. Hurley to the secretaryship. Mr. Payne is a lieutenant colonel of the ordnance reserve and chairman of the Greenfield Tap and Die corporation.

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POULTRY

CULL EVERY TWO WEEKS UNTIL FALL

Get Rid of Nonproducers for Poultry Success.

The success or failure of a poultry enterprise may depend on proper culling, according to the poultry department of the New York State College of Agriculture. Poultrymen should cull regularly every two weeks, from June to September 15, but if only one culling is to be made, wait until September 1.

A first-class culler can tell three things about each hen he handles: Whether she is laying; how long she has, or has not, been laying; and what is the rate of egg laying. No hens should be kept longer than three years. Close culling limits the number of old hens and raises the average egg production of the flock.

The easiest and most satisfactory way to catch hens is to pen off a corner of the house with a piece of chicken wire fencing about twenty feet long and five feet wide. Attach the end of the wire to the side wall about two feet from a corner and unroll the wire toward the center of the room. This acts as a barrier to drive the hens into the corner. The end of the wire can then be brought around to the side wall, rolled up and fastened, leaving enough space for the hens. One person remains on the inside to catch and hand the birds to the inspector on the outside. Another good way is to build a catching crate with a sliding end and an opening on the top. The end of this crate is placed against a runway hole outside of the building, or in an opening between pens on the floor of the crate, drive a few hens quickly into it, and close the sliding door. Each hen is then easily caught and removed.

Germ Responsible for Blackhead in Turkeys

It has been recently learned that if the chicken has been infected with a certain roundworm, the worm may carry the germ responsible for blackhead in turkeys. By using the semi-confinement plan, which consists of placing turkeys on virgin soil, preferably sown to alfalfa and not inhabited by chickens for at least two years, the possibility of infection from chickens will be eliminated and turkeys can be raised without the danger of blackhead from this source.

The name blackhead is a very poor one for the disease for there are many diseases in turkeys in which the head of the diseased bird turns dark blue or a dark color just before death.

Use Infertile Turkey Eggs for Shell Pattern

To break a fresh turkey egg for the pattern of the shell would be vandalism, but if an infertile egg is left in the nest, marked with the hen's number, it is well to blow it out, string it and keep for a guide, since the turkey hen may steal her nest in a different place next time.

No two turkeys lay eggs that are exactly alike. The early clutch is said to be invariably of a darker tint than those laid later, but the spots are the same. One enthusiastic turkey woman used to cut cardboard eggs and stipple them as nearly as possible like the model as a sort of trapnesting for her small flock.

Grass for Goslings

Ordinarily goslings will not and should not be hatched before the grass and clovers will be of sufficient size to provide them with good grazing. In growing goslings it must be remembered that grass is the principal constituent of the ration and that grain should be fed only as an accessory feed. The grain should not be fed before the second day and then in the form of a crumbly moist mash. It should be fed in very small amounts and three or four times per day.

POULTRY NOTES

Many men on the farm have taken over the farm poultry business after their wives have demonstrated that it is a paying proposition.

• • •

Hungry hens usually aren't profitable layers. They need a full feed of grain in the afternoon to last them through the long winter night.

• • •

Cod liver oil is usually fed to adult birds in the proportion of one quart to 100 pounds of mash and for chicks one pint to 100 pounds of mash.

• • •

When breeding stock or chicks are purchased, be sure that they have been produced by flocks which show outstanding vigor and give evidence of good health.

• • •

Chicks need exercise. Pieces of potato, mangel, cabbage or meat tied to strings hanging within reach of the chicks will often keep them from picking each other's toes.

• • •

Clean, healthy young stock is the key to success in poultry management. Breeding, for instance, can be purchased, but sanitation must be lived, practiced, and continued.

• • •

The best time to market Leghorn cockerels is when they are broiler size, and the earlier you market them the more you get for them, though they bring a good price up to July 1.

Insures Your Complexion

Some Women Are Always Admired

You too want to be lovely and admired. You can have a radiant complexion and the charm of youth if you use MARCELLE Face Powder.

MARCELLE Face Powder quickly matches your complexion and brings out the sweet charm that every woman has.

MARCELLE Face Powder makes your skin feel younger and you yourself look younger.

Then people will admire you and say—"What lovely skin you have!"

Popular size packages at 25c and 50c, all shades—at all dealers.

Send for free liberal sample and complexion chart

MARCELLE LABORATORIES
C. W. BEGGS SONS & CO., Chicago, Illinois
Beautifying the American Woman for Half a Century

Marcelle Complexion Requisites

He'd Swallow Them

Senator Sackett of Kentucky was criticizing a financier.

"Power has made him ruthless," said Senator Sackett. "He thinks he can ride down everybody. He has thrown caution to the four winds.

"A friend of his was advising him to go slow in his dealings with a certain great industrial leader whose affiliations were wide.

"'Remember,' his friend cautioned him—'remember on which side your bread is buttered.'

"'Bosh,' said he. 'Don't I always eat both sides?'"

Get poisons out of system. . . .

Doctors know that this modern scientific laxative works efficiently in smaller doses *because you chew it.* Safe and mild for old and young.

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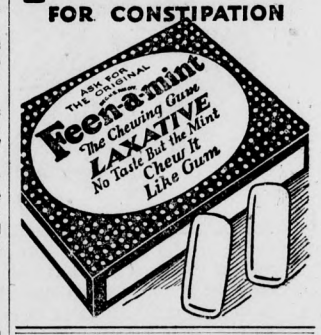
FOR CONSTIPATION



Pointing an Appeal

Bishop Lawrence Mott, in the course of an eloquent appeal for funds, told a story at a banquet in Tulsa.

"A minister," he said, "consented to preach during his vacation in the country at an Episcopal church. When he arrived at the church on Sunday morning the sexton welcomed him and said:

"'Do you wish to wear a surplice, sir.'

"'Surplice?' said the minister. 'Why, man, I'm a Methodist. What do I know about surplices? All I know about is deficits.'"

Why He Goes

"You must like the movies—you go so often," remarked the bachelor.

"No," growled the married man, "my wife is simply crazy about them."

Daughter Is Healthy Now

"My thirteen-year-old daughter Maxine was troubled with backache and pain when she came into womanhood. I knew Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound would help her because I used to take it myself at her age. Now she does not have to stay home from school and her color is good, she eats well and does not complain of being tired. We are recommending the Vegetable Compound to other school girls who need it. You may publish this letter."—*Mrs. Floyd Butcher, R. #2, Gridley, Kansas.*

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

"HOLIDAYS!"

What does the word mean to us? What thoughts does it bring? High Jinks—a panorama of joys and happiness on the holidays throughout the year.

Christmas: Bulging stockings, hung precariously by the glowing fireside; a wealth of packages mysteriously wrapped; Santa Claus; good cheer and fellowship.

Thanksgiving: Stuffed turkey; plum pudding and cranberry sauce; the family together; the spirit of giving thanks.

Hallowеen: Spooks and goblins; pumpkin pie, and a harvest moon.

Independence Day—"The Glorious Fourth!": Waving flags; parades; the Spirit of '76 relived! Picnics, and electrical displays!

The play-days of a nation! High Jinks! Over one-sixth of our days, yearly, are days of rest and play.

Without them, this would indeed be a "work-a-day" world. To them can be attributed a large share of our pleasures and "the better things of life."

They mean much to us; and they mean much to business, too. For, as we look to holidays for additional pleasure, recreation and rest, so too, do business men look to them for additional business.

Holiday clothes; holiday food; holiday playthings. Extra "dress-up" clothes; extra food luxuries; a hundred and one EXTRA things and materials that make holidays REAL.

And just as holidays mean much to each of us and to business, so, too, do they mean much to the community. Holidays bring the town extra business; they bring visitors; they are the town's "dress-up" days. They are "community-pride" and "community-spirit" days. Let's make the most of them.

All of us join together with the wish that holidays be made days of real devotion, recreation, pleasure and rest in

CAMPBELL

BERNHARDT'S
CITY PRICES IN THE COUNTRY
WHY NOT?—BERNHARDT THE GROCER

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Campbell, Calif.

DR. C. E. FARMAN
Dentist
Hours: 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Curry Bldg. Campbell, Calif.

DR. ERNEST A. ABBOTT
Dentist
Rm. 6, Porter Bldg., San Jose
Phone San Jose 2447

Masonic Notice

Charity Lodge No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Calif. Stated meetings held on the first Monday of each month. Chris Anderson, W. M.
T. A. Robinson, Secretary

Independent Order of Odd Fellows

Morning Light Lodge No. 42 Meets every Thursday evening in I.O.O.F. hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings. Fred Getchell, Noble Grand,
Ralph Gardner, Secretary

ORCHARD CITY GRANGE
Meets second and fourth Tuesday Evenings at I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. N. Hedegard, Worthy Master
Edna F. Keesling, Worthy Secty.

Patriarchial Branch I. O. O. F.
Barnes Encampment No. 77
Meets first and third Wednesday evenings at I. O. O. F. hall in Campbell.
H. A. Pratt,
Chief Patriarch.
E. A. Draper,
Scribe.

PROBATE OF WILL

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF SANTA CLARA.

In the matter of the Estate of Walter Robert Copley, also known as Walter R. Copley, also known as W. R. Copley, Deceased:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a petition for the probate of the Will with Codicil thereto of Walter Robert Copley, also known as Walter R. Copley, also known as W. R. Copley, deceased, and for the issuance to J. C. Ainsley and Ernest A. Priestley of Letters Testamentary has been filed in this Court and that Thursday the 15th day of May, A. D. 1930, at 9:30 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. Three of said Court, at the Court House, in the City of San Jose, has been set for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same, and show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted.

Dated April 25th, A. D. 1930.
HENRY A. PFISTER,
Clerk.
(SEAL) By C. O. WINANS,
Deputy Clerk.
Bohnett, Hill & Campbell (34-5-6)
Attorneys for Petitioners.

NOTICE OF LIEN HOLDER'S SALE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has a lien upon that certain CHEVROLET TRUCK, Engine number MG78044 (1924 make), California (1929) License number 7G4879, for the sum of $12 plus costs, for repairs, storage, etc.

That said sum is more than twenty (20) days past due, and to satisfy said lien the undersigned will sell said Chevrolet Truck at public auction at Campbell Garage at number 91 West Campbell Ave., Campbell, California, on Thursday, the 15th day of May, 1930, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day.

(34-5-6) E. W. PRESTON.

Bridge Luncheon In Honor of Miss Howes

Miss Ruby Howes of the high school faculty, who is leaving soon on a trip to Europe, was the guest of honor at a bridge luncheon given Saturday by Mrs. Freeman Howes at her home in the Union district.

Luncheon was served at small tables, the accessories for that and the card games being clever little boats and ships. The guests presented Miss Howes with steamer letters to peruse on the voyage.

Table prizes and a consolation gift were awarded at the close of play.

Those who enjoyed the pleasant event were the Misses Muriel Carson, Elizabeth Thomas, Jessie Lewis, Mary Rodeck, Anda Stewart, Von Christierson, Mesdames Hanrahan, Harriet Hummel, Edwin Howes, Frederick Batlee, D. H. Cramer, Cora Todd, Hattie Baugh, Ellard La Montagne, Miss Howes and the hostess.

Miss Howes will be leaving before the close of the school year and her classes will be conducted by Mrs. Marion Howes.

WAN-TADS

PIANO

We have in storage near Campbell one baby grand piano of our own manufacture, which we will sell at a big reduction in price rather than stand the expense of returning to San Francisco. $10 per mo. will handle. Send full information to

Name .....
Address .....
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The Baldwin Piano Company
310 Sutter St., San Francisco

Hemstitching — Reasonable. Call evenings. F. Fletcher, 106 No. Central, phone 107-J. 35-42

Beautiful bungalow piano to be sold at once at Campbell. Perfect condition and fully guaranteed. Will take your phonograph or radio as part payment and make most any terms you want on the balance. For lacation and full particulars write Factory Warehouse, 347 13th St., Oakland, Calif. (36-39)

Surprise Shower On Miss Olive Hanger Saturday Afternoon

Saturday, May 10, Miss Olive Hanger was the guest of honor at a surprise shower and bridge tea given by Miss Esther Lynden. Miss Hanger is to be married in June to Willard Farr, son of the Rev. Frank C. Farr, former pastor of Campbell. She is the daughter of Mrs. Rose Hanger and the late Curtis Hanger. At present the bride-to-be is teaching at Pacific Grove and the prospective groom is teaching in Fort Bragg.

The tables and rooms were tastefully decorated in masses of pink and red roses. The guests complimenting Miss Hanger were the Misses Marild Powell, Ruth Townsend, Margaret Pardee, Miriam Blaine, Hollis Knopf, Eva Robinson, Katherine Aldrich, Marian Austin, Clara Rice, Lois Rice, Evelyn Smith, Mary Feathers, Eulah Hook, Eva Mitchell and Annette Merrill.

Misses Emma May Powell and Marild Powell sang two numbers, "At Dawning" and "Some Day Soon."

Mrs. Herold Morton Entertains Tuesday And Wednesday

Mrs. Herold Morton delightfully entertained two groups of friends last Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons, bridge being the diversion.

Beautiful French bouquets were effectively placed about the rooms and vases of the lovely Cecil Bruenner buds centered the small tables at which the refreshments were served, and miniature frogs adorned each plate as souvenirs of the occasion.

Local Happenings

Mrs. E. Howes is to take the place on the teaching staff of the local school vacated by Miss Ruby Howes who will leave shortly for Europe.

—c—

Albert Turner went to San Bernardino Thursday to enter the forestry service in that region.

—c—

John Pardee brought his family from Sacramento last week to spend several days at the home of his parents. John came down for the week-end, taking the family home Sunday.

—c—

Mrs. F. M. Beebe has been having her home newly papered and painted.

—c—

The annual M. E. Sunday school picnic will be held Saturday, May 24, at Alum Rock park. It is planned to meet at the church at 8:30. Transportation will be furnished those who do not have their own cars.

—c—

Dr. and Mrs. F. R. Anderson and children left early Saturday morning by motor for a visit to their old home in Nebraska. Dr. James Hohn will take care of Dr. Anderson's Anderson's practice while he is away. Dr. and Mrs. Hohn are occupying the Anderson home.

—c—

Mrs. Frank Weeks has sufficiently recovered from her recent illness to be up and about.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Curry had as their guests over the week-end Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Johnson and small daughter, Alice June, of Oakland, and Chester Alsford of San Francisco.

—c—

Donald Hewitt of Kansas City is visiting at the E. C. Young home.

—c—

Mrs. Lillian Shaw and her niece, Mrs. Alice Fleming, are visiting relatives in Stockton.

—c—

Leo Hedegard, student at Davis, is spending a short vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Hedegard. Max Ryan, also a student at Davis, is visiting at the Hedegard home.

—c—

Guy Shepard and John Duncan are vacationing at Tahoe.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. James Foster of San Francisco spent the week-end with his mother, Mrs. Laura Foster of Leight avenue.

—c—

The Friendship club of the Congregational church will meet Wednesday evening at the home of Miss Sadie Maxson.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Glass, nee Dorothea Smith, arrived Saturday from Legion, Texas, and are guests of her mother, Mrs. E. R. Smith.

—c—

Stuart Smith of San Francisco was here Sunday to observe the day with his mother, Mrs. E. R. Smith. Miss Catherine Spaulding a granddaughter, who is a sophomore at Stanford, was also an over-Sunday visitor.

—c—

Mrs. Nettie Carpenter and Mrs. Mollie Holliwell of San Francisco and Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Alexander were guests of Mrs. Theodore Morris Friday at a barbecue dinner at her home, Crescent Dell, at Austin Corners.

—c—

Verne Sawyer, who is employed in San Francisco but who resides in San Mateo, was down Saturday and attended the Masonic ladies night, accompanying his mother, Mrs. Anna Sawyer.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Shafer were visiting friends in Campbell Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Shafer will be remembered by many of our readers as former residents of Campbell. Mrs. Shafer was Grace Townsend and they were called from their home in the east to Hollister some time ago by the illness and death of her mother, Mrs. Charles Townsend.

—c—

Mrs. R. H. Knappen spent several days of last week with Mr. and Mrs. S. M. King at Twin Lakes.

School Notes

Miss Ruby Howes, Vesta Anderson and Lois Lloyd were the representatives from Campbell high sent to Palo Alto to a G. P. A. L. meeting Tuesday afternoon.

—CUHS—

Dr. Freeland of the San Jose State college talked to the student body in the assembly period in the grammar school auditorium this morning.

He talked on "Vocation." He enumerated the qualities that are needed to make successful men and women and mentioned a great many vocations that are lucrative. He especially encouraged the "flow of printers' ink." He said graciousness and personality have a great deal to do with success and in order to succeed in later life, one must first succeed in school.

—CUHS—

Members of the physics class visited the projection room of the California theater in San Jose last Wednesday afternoon. They were given a thorough explanation of the workings of the latest sound equipment in that theater.

High School P. T. A. Met Tuesday Evening

The Parent-Teaheers association of the Campbell Union High school met at the Annex last Tuesday evening, May 6, at 7:30.

Mr. Hughes of the mechanical department reported on the trip made to San Luis Obispo May 3, and of the three boys representing the best in the farm mechanics classes. The Campbell High school and that of Hollister were the best in the Bay district, a region taking in the central part of California from Santa Cruz to Santa Maria.

The three boys selected after careful elimination tests were, Herbert Pryor, freshman; Geo. Italton, freshman, and Daniel Furtado, sophomore.

Boys from all over the state were in this final contest, and competition was keen. Among outstanding entries were Santa Rosa, Gridley, Susanville, Sacramento, Ceres, Modesto, Simi, Bakersfield and many others.

There were three projects, scoring 100 points each. Herbert Pryor made a score of 212 points out of a possible 300.

One project was the identification of 100 pieces of farm equipment and tools. The second was the making of a tool box according to specifications, such a job as a man might accomplish in an hour. The third was a forge project, the making of a twisted iron gate hook and two staples.

The team from Campbell won second place, no mean position, considering it is the first time they have participated.

In the opinion of the experts at this state contest, the farm mechanics course is of the utmost practicality, carrying over into life as no other course does, even athletics.

The P. T. A. is taking the responsibility of paying the expenses of this trip. They are sponsoring a card party to be given the evening of May 22 at the high school annex. Tickets are on sale now. They are being sold by the boys of the farm mechanics class. The committee in charge of arrangements for the party is Mrs. R. E. Stubbe, Mrs. W. I. Merrill, Mrs. G. E. Farley, Mrs. Neil Best and Mrs. S. N. Hedegard.

The attendance contest among the classes has been won by the senior class. These parents are to be given either a party or a picnic by the losing groups.

Officers for the ensuing year were chosen unanimously as follows: Mrs. J. W. Knowles, prsident; Mrs. Walter Johnson, vice presenident; Mrs. R. E. Stubbe, treasurer, and Mrs. Neil Best, secretary.

The Cambrian school faculty presented a rollicking comedy of the "gay ninties," in costume. "Coon Hollow Improvement and Literary Society" held session and planned a program. The hit of the evening was the "Guess-Who Waltz" led by Wanda Witherspoon as Cynthia Smartz, the village dancing teacher.

The next meeting will be an afternoon session, the first Tuesday in June. There will take place the installation of officers.

Keeslings Honored At Grange Meet Tonight

Orchard City Grange held its semi-monthly meeting at Odd Fellows hall May 13. The meeting was called to order at 8 o'clock, then a recess was called to permit a program in honor of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Keesling's golden wedding anniversary.

Selections by the Keesling orchestra opened the program.

Charity Lodge, Masons, Hold Ladies' Night; Music, Cards, Dancing

Judging by reports the Masonic ladies' night was most enjoyable—some say the best for some time. A short musical program was held in the hall. Miss Rose Abinante and Ignatius Pampalone each sang several solos and a duet which were very much enjoyed. Stephen Merrill, who is always in great demand, gave two tenor solos in wonderful voice. Stephen is a Campbell boy and the community is proud of his performance.

Following the program card tables were placed and a number of people enjoyed the evening at games while in the dining hall dancing was the choice of many.

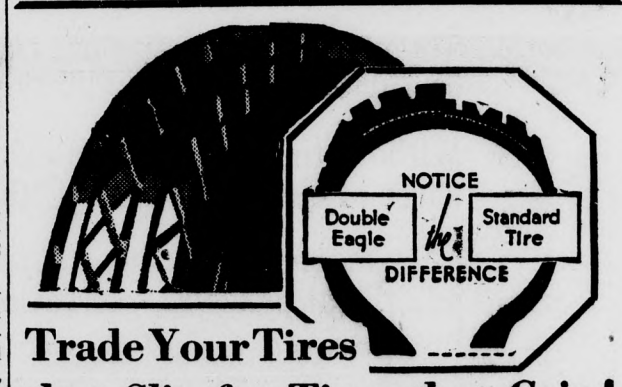
Refreshments of ice cream, punch and cake were served by the men.

The hall had been tastily decorated with streamers and a profusion of sweet peas from the Robert Scholz gardens.

The committee in charge received many congratulatory remarks and in turn extended its hearty thanks to all who helped make the occasion an enjoyable one.

Saturday evening, May 24, the members and their wives will go to the Masonic home at Decoto to enjoy a program of music and other entertainment. A. A. Thielke has arranged an attractive program by the high school orchestra and the Jackson entertainers of San Jose. Refreshments are being provided and all who wish to join the party please notify Percy Dunlap in order that transportation can be provided.

Mrs. Viola Tolle gave a reading of various verses written in honor of the occasion. A description having to do with their wedding in the early days and their happy life's history together down to the present was recounted. The Grange presented a gift to the Keeslings who have served the organization so faithfully.



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PINKY DINKY *and His Gang* — **By Terry Gilkison**

O.K. PINKY! YOU PITCH AND LET YOUR DAD SHOW YOU HOW TO SWAT 'EM OUT, EH?
C'MON DAD! YOU BE BABE RUTH
SHOOT OVER A HOT ONE! I'LL GIVE THAT PILL A REAL RIDE!
SWAT!
CRASH!
BANG! IT WENT RIGHT THRO' A WINDOW PANE!
PINKY! OH, PINKY! WHO BROKE THIS WINDOW?
TERRY GILKISON
Pinky Dinky JINGLES!
LITTLE JOHNNY TOKENTAKE STARTED EATING A PANCAKE HE ATE AND ATE AND ATE - 'TIL HE GOT A HORRID STOMACHACHE!
FROM MYLO SCHRIVER, REYNOLDS, ILL.